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That Was Months Ago, but that boy is still on the job, holding successfully his well-paid position. His responsibility has increased, as has also his salary, for he is frequently in charge of that office. In short, where others failed he has made good and achieved success.

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PRACTICAL
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27 Years Experience
GOOD WORKMANSHIP
PROMPT ATTENTION
ESTIMATES FREE

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MAKERS
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

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COLORED PAPERS

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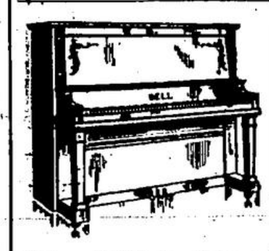

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Bell Pianos embrace every merit that has made the Bell an exceptional instrument. It has an artistic case design, beauty of finish, full, melodious tone and has the endurance so essential to the demands made by first-class instruments.

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"The Home of Good Shoes"
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Poetry.

THE GOIN'-TO-DO'

There's a queer little thing that lives among boys,
That hides in their homes, in their books, in their toys,
No one has described it though some say it's blue!
It has such a strange name, its called Goin'-to-do.

I think it's a fairy; not content in this elf
To be around with a boy—it gets into his self.
He forgets his own name, (George Willis or who?
Says he's somebody else, I'm a-Goin'-to-do.

His father says "Willie, I want you to go
On an errand," or "There's weeds in the garden to hoe."
But while father is waiting and work is in view,
Willie's watching the pranks of this queer Goin'-to-do.

His mother says, "Willie, be a good little man!
I know that you can help me if you say that you can"
"Yes mother" says he. Just then, strange but it's true,
It flies like a bird, that queer Goin'-to-do.

His teacher says, "Willie, give attention to me."
And Willie says, "Yes, a great scholar I'll be."
But the studies are hard, and the questions not few,
And he can't see his books for a big Goin'-to-do.

So every day with this elfin he meets
He loves to play with him though he knows that he cheats;
And night after night he finds something to rue,
Because he's been fooled by this queer Goin'-to-do.

—R. Walter Wright, in the Christian Guardian.

Select Family Reading

A Decision and Its Outcome

By Sarah Lindsay Schmidt

TWO young men walked decorously out of the president's office, and one, the shorter and heavier set of the two, closed the door softly behind him. Both were likeable young fellows; one could see that at a glance. They had honest faces with straightforward, intelligent eyes, and there was a swing and lightness in their footsteps that told of youth, energy, and courage. The one with the fair hair was decidedly good looking, but the other had the more muscular build. It was he, too, who had the square jaw and the more thoughtful expression.

Neither young men spoke much as they crossed the college campus and turned their footsteps toward their fraternity house; but different reasons held them silent. One was full of suppressed excitement, the other, quiet and thoughtful, even beyond his wont. When they reached the room the two had shared now for more than three years of their college course the manner of one of them at least, changed decidedly. This time it was the taller of the two young men who closed the door. He slammed it shut with a bang, and grabbing a soft pillow from a neighboring couch, hurled it headlong at his companion.

"Well," he ejaculated in immense satisfaction, "it's certainly not going to take me long to accept that job. Aren't we lucky chaps, Fritzie?"

It was more than a minute before the other answered, and then his words came very slowly. "I suppose Proxy'd think it a pretty queer and ungrateful thing for a fellow to turn it down."

His friend looked at him in wide-eyed amazement. "Turn it down?" he repeated. "Turn it down? Why, Fred, are you crazy? You don't expect anything better than that, do you? Didn't Proxy say it was an opportunity beyond anything he had been able to put in the way of any member of a graduating class for two or three years? And he's offered it to us, Fritzie. You can't help feeling good at the honor, though I've sense enough to know that being your friend has had a lot to do in bringing me to it. Such a chance pays for all our work. And it'll keep us together. Why, the whole thing seems too good to be true."

"I'm afraid it is," the other answered without a smile.

The light-haired youth eyed his friend again questioningly; then a knowing look came into his face.

"I see," Fred, he said. "It's your father and his failing health. But I wouldn't worry about that. He's too good a father to ever ask you to give up a chance like this."

Fred smiled a very confident smile. "Oh, no—" he said with a little laugh, "he'd never ask it—not father." And then he added to himself in an undertone which his companion did not hear, "And that's just the point."

It was this question of his future that had kept Fred thoughtful all the way across the campus; it was this same question which made him lie awake way beyond his wont that night; and it was this question, too, that by its perplexity and need of decision, dulled just a little all the experience of that commencement week. Two degrees were to be Fred's on commencement day, those of civil and electrical engineer, and in both courses he had made the best record of any boy in the class. He knew it, of course, and the faculty knew it. Fred knew, too, in that self-respecting way of a person without conceit, that there was no member of the class whom the faculty looked upon as having a more promising future than he. And [illegible] this opening, an opportunity beyond the boy's most ambitious dreams for a beginning. He had been keen enough to read, too, all the college president's satisfaction in offering it to him.

"He thinks I would succeed," Fred told himself again and again, "and I know I could. For oh, how I'd work, and yet it wouldn't be like work, for I'd enjoy it all so, it would be the keenest kind of pleasure. It's what I've always wanted. It's what I've always felt I could do and do best. And I've always hated the store—hated and hated it. The taste I got of it during vacation always seemed just about as much as I could stand. It doesn't seem as though I could spend my life in it. But there's dad, dear old dad."

And then the current of the youth's thoughts would turn. "It's dad that's given me all these glorious four years of school, and to do it he has sacrificed himself more than I ever realized until lately, and then pretends he hasn't. That's dad. It always was. He's so unselfish. He knew how much I hated the store without ever being told, and he sent me here pretending that was what he wanted me to do. And I believe he was needing me in the store every minute of the time. It's a big burden for him to carry alone and he needs help—the kind of help a son can give. If only one of the girls was a boy! But wishing doesn't help matters, nor keep me from being the only son. And yet (here again the current of Fred's thoughts would change) there's nobody prouder of my record here than father, and I wouldn't want him to think I had failed to gain a good opening when other fellows had succeeded. And if he hears of my chance and understands what it means he'll never think of himself and insist on my accepting it. So my problem isn't so easy after all."

He made his decision, however, just as he had known in his heart from the first he would make it. But it was not until the afternoon before the actual commencement exercises that he acted upon it. It was then that he once more sought the office of the college president and found himself face to face with the man who for four years had been his ideal. Fred knew of few things in the world he cared more to do than to succeed in this man's eyes, and it seemed to him, as he seated himself in response to the president's bidding, as if he had come to take the step that would forever make that ambition impossible. Still he did not hesitate. It was a very straightforward face that he turned toward the older man, and in the tones of his voice was a finality and a decision which told that for him boyhood was left behind and manhood with its realization of its responsibilities and its independence, were his.

"I have come to tell you, President Spear," he said, "that much as I appreciate it, I cannot accept that canal position you offered to me the other day."

The other man turned a little in his chair, and leaning back looked at the youth before him with keen, kindly eyes. The expression on the clean-cut face, even more than the forceful reserve of his manner, revealed the man and told the secret of his power—keenness of intellect and breadth of mind, coupled with a sympathy equally keen, and equally broad.

"Why not, Fred?" he asked quietly. The question was almost a form. The man knew, as plainly as if he had heard all the details of the situation, and the boy's decision was final and right. And as he spoke, Fred knew that he knew.

"It's my father," Fred responded, simply. "He's not strong and he needs me, just now. For the present I must put self, and the corner I have fitted myself for, back of me."

"I see," the other answered, and Fred knew that the matter was settled. He felt relieved and at ease as he had not felt for a week past.

It was not the end of the interview, however, for the president had questions of kindly interest to ask. Fred told his little story simply, gladly, warmed with a new interest in it himself. Yes, it was a good business—general supply house in a thrifty, healthy town of five thousand people with a prosperous outlying farm district. The store had been his grandfather's before his father had it. The young man did not add that it was in a world utterly shut away from the interests that meant most to him, and that, though it was a good business, it could never offer the future that the highest success of his own profession—of which this ambitious youth dreamed—could do. But the other man knew and understood.

When Fred arose to leave, the president arose with him and held out his hand. Fred took it and they stood for an instant, each subtly conscious that they were meeting, not as pupil and and teacher but as man to man.

"Remember one thing Fred," the president's tone was deep and stimulating. "The man who can succeed in one line is generally the man who can succeed in another."

Fred left the office cheered, encouraged, ambitious, and happy as he thought he never could be again. This feeling stayed with him forcibly all the rest of the day and made him wrong for the interview with his father, which came that evening.

The whole family, father, mother and sisters, had come that morning to be on hand for the commencement exercises and it was not until evening that the father and son were left alone together. There had been little need for talk between them, however, for the father's pride in the boy had made an atmosphere about them all day so charged with happiness and sympathy that words seemed almost sacrilege.

"Oh yes, I had my chance, and it's a good one." Fred spoke lightly and happily. "I'm not ashamed of it, but I'm not going to take it. I'm going to be junior partner of Parks & Son."

The father was silent. The pride in his boy which had dominated him all day had reached its climax.

"I can't let you do that, Fred," he said presently, very firmly and quietly.

The answering tones of his son were firmer than those of the father had been, and in the boy's there rang the same note of independent manhood, reached and assured, which the college president had recognized that afternoon. To the father, weary and overworked, it brought the sudden consciousness of rest and immense relief. "Oh, yes you will, father," Fred said with a smile.

Again the father was silent. He, too, as the college professor had done read all the unspoken details of the boy's struggle and victory, though the father read it, not with his keenness of intellect, but with the unselfish sympathy of fatherhood. He looked at his son lovingly and frankly. "It's too much for you to give," he said at last.

But Fred only smiled. "It's no more than you have given—I could not be your son and not stand a test like this—it is my turn now and there is mother and the girls. We must keep home staunch."

The father's expression wavered. "Yes," he replied hesitatingly, "There are mother and the girls and the home." Fred knew he had conquered.

Fred looked back to his graduation day, after it was closed, as one of the happiest of his life. But it was a little hard to break the result of his decision to Philip Gray. But Phil, he found as well as the president and his father, understood. And the way the two clasped hands when Fred was through making his decision known, showed the worth of true friendship.

"You must let me know all about things down at the canal, Phil," Fred said. "It'll keep me in touch with engineering you see and you know how interested I'll be in it all."

"You may be sure I will," Phil promised cordially. "You'd have a big go of it, Fred, down there."

"I'm going to make a 'big go' of the mercantile business instead," Fred answered cheerfully.

* * *

It was five years before the two friends met again, and the place of meeting then was Fred's home town. On a bright fall afternoon Philip, older, more mature looking, a prosperous and successful engineer, walked down the main street of the old town and paused before the general merchandise store that bore the sign of "Parks & Son." He could scarcely believe it to be the place he was looking for and which he had seen often during the vacations of his college years. That place had been a substantial looking store, to be sure, but scarcely to be compared with this one. This was at least three times the size of the other, with show windows and a look of prosperity and activity surprising to find in such a burg. Of course, he commented on it all to his friends later, as they talked over the old times and the new.

"Oh, yes," the older Mr. Parks said. His family was seated with their guest at the supper table. "Oh, yes, we are by all odds the largest mercantile house in the county now. Everybody concedes that. And it was Fred here who did it. There's nothing like having a son in the business with you."

"How did you ever do it, Fred?" Phil asked when he and his old chum were alone together.

Fred smiled the old slow smile that Phil had once known so well. "Why I think the secret lies, perhaps, in a remark 'Proxy' made to me the day I went to him to 'turn down' she canal job. He told me the man who succeeds in one line is generally the man who can succeed in another. I made up my mind then that if that was what he thought about it I would prove it."

"And do you like it—this business life in a small town?" Phil's voice was full of an uncomprehending amazement.

Fred smile again. "Of course," he said simply. "I had to make myself like it to succeed."

Phil crossed and uncrossed his long legs; then leaned forward with his eyes looking searchingly at his friend.

"You don't mean to tell me," he repeated, the same note of incredulity in his voice, "that you like that business better than you would have liked engineering?"

Fred did not answer at once and when he did the smile had gone from his face and his tones were serious even beyond his wont.

"Phil," he said, "I think there is another reason why I have succeeded. In all these five years that question you have just put to me is one I have never asked myself; and as long as I live, I never mean to ask it. I keep from it by looking at father. And when I see the change in him, I keep from asking it."

DON'T BE A KNOCKER

The following from one of our exchanges is well worth reprinting:

"There is so much bad in the best of us, and so much good in the worst of us, that it ill behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us."

These words carry with them quite a lesson if we would but properly consider them. Do not be a chronic fault-finder, continually registering objections to this, that and the other thing.

If you have a legitimate kick, die it; but don't go around looking for trouble.

The man who is forever casting about in hope of discovering something that he can complain about, is never the man who is aiming to build up his town and community.

Seeking and blundering are so far good, that it is by seeking and blundering that we learn.—Goethe.

Coals of fire are not intended for roasting purposes.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Items From Our Issue of Thursday, August 11th, 1892

Mrs. Gardiner, of the check line, sustained a fracture of the left arm by a fall last week.

Mrs. Margaret Nicklin has purchased the Maloney property on Willow St.

The large willow tree at the corner of Mill and Frederick Streets, an old landmark, was cut down the other day to make way for a new store to be built by Mrs. Andrew Morrison.

A heavy storm here last Tuesday evening did much damage to wires and telephone service, also striking the dwelling of Mr. C. Kirkpatrick, Church Street. Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. N. F. McLam both sustained slight shocks, but recovered in a few hours.

Sir Daniel Wilson, the venerable president of Toronto University, died during the week.

These are the successful candidates from Acton Public School at the recent Entrance Examinations at Georgetown: Chas. H. Moore, Fred Ross, Helen Symon, Beatrice Perkins, Frank McIntosh, Rollie W. Smith, Arthur Pearson, Gordon Dean, John Mason.—T. T. Moore, teacher.

In the Municipal Council the resignation of Dr. W. H. Lowry, Reeve, was presented and accepted, owing to his removal to Guelph.

In the Public School Board the application of Miss Sarah Shortt was, on motion of Trustees G. B. Cooke and J. McLean, accepted, and she was engaged at a $275 salary.

Arrangements are now about complete for the grand Union Mass Meeting of Sunday Schools to be held in the park next week.

CHANGING THE ATMOSPHERE

Jimmy Johnson dragged himself angrily downstairs, and, with a fine disregard for the feelings of those who were still in bed, pulled a chair noisily across the porch and threw himself into it. It was only six o'clock, and it was vacation time; but what was the use of staying in bed when one could not sleep for the heat? Certainly the hot and humid night that sweltering humanity had just passed through had no duplicate. Worn out and wretched, Jimmy felt that he hated the world in general, and, in particular, the charge d'affaires of the atmosphere.

Some one came softly up behind him and slapped him on his disconsolate and perspiring back.

"Merry Christmas, Jimmy!" cried his father's voice.

Jimmy looked at his frivolous parent in amazement; then, before he quite knew what he was doing, he laughed sheepishly at first, and then heartily. And his father laughed with him. And after this performance Jimmy discovered that the birds were caroling sweetly in spite of the weather. And wasn't a slight breeze actually perceptible? And the world did look mighty fresh and green and attractive in the early morning!

"That's right, Jimmy!" said his father heartily. "That's just the way I was affected. It never fails, though it sounds foolish. By 'it' I mean the greeting I just 'handed' you—to use the elegant phraseology of your times.

"One day, when I was eighteen and struggling against many disadvantages in the business world, a new sister-in-law arrived at our place with many new ideas. And on her trail there arrived a spell of the hottest weather in my recollection. It was very much on the order of last night, only worse, and its arrival had been entirely unheralded a fact that made the affliction all the harder to bear.

"The fifth day of the spell broke the record, and on the following morning I did exactly what you did after a hard, sleepless night. And I took a vicious delight in making as much noise as possible as I went down the stairs." (Here Jimmy Junior blushed in spite of the roughness of his chin and cheeks.)

"I sat down in the dining room. I wanted no breakfast. I wanted nothing except to get out of the seething world and sleep forever. I didn't intend to go to work. I didn't care about anything.

"My new sister-in-law put her head in the door, looked at me and laughed though her own face was pale from exhustion.

"'Merry Christmas, Jimmy!' she called.

"'Well I laughed and kept on laughing; and when I recovered I felt refreshed and had a fine appetite.

"Several times that day when I looked up from my work I found my employer observing me intently. At the end of the day he called me to him.

"'Young man,' he said, you're the first cheerful-looking object I've seen since this hot spell set in.

"'I don't know how you managed it but the fact that you do manage it has helped me to a decision. The management is vacant in a branch office up-country. The chief requirement is an ability to look cheerful and keep your temper in spite of the weather, figuratively speaking. You are young, but if you want to try it go ahead. It's more work but it's more pay too, and it's in the line of advancement.'

"I took it; it proved the opening wedge, and the rest was easy."

MOTHERS' DAY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

A woman in Maryland contributes the following to the Woman's Home Companion in the Department of Practical Household News:

"Four mothers in a little town have one day in a week that they call 'Mothers' Day.' One of them keeps her own and the children of the other three all day, while the other mothers go shopping or visiting or rest."

THE FLIES REVENGE

Ten little flies
All in a line—
One got a swat,
Then there were.....

Nine little flies
Grimly sedate
Licking their chops—
Swat there were.....

Eight little flies
Raising some more—
Swat! Swat! Swat! Swat!
Then there were....

Four little flies
Colored green blue—
Swat! (ain't it easy?)
Then there were..

Two little flies
Dodged the civilian—
EARLY NEXT DAY
THERE WERE A MILLION.
—Buffalo News.

A PROMISE IS A PROMISE

Mrs. Eliot sighed so deeply as she took out her hatpins that her husband looked up from his paper. "I don't believe I've any bent for politics," she said in response to his inquiring glance. "Every time there's an election of officers of the club I get into some kind of a mess, try as I may to avoid it."

"You see, Harry," she continued, confidingly, "I didn't really care a fig who is in office so long as I'm not. I like all the members very well, and would as lief have one as another president, or secretary or on committees.

"I had no favorites. I'm truly impartial. But that wont work. If you belong to a woman's club you are forced to sweat and agonize, over candidates. You must be partizan, or be out with both sides.

"You know Mrs. George has been president for four years and every year Mrs. Tufts has tried to get Mrs. George out and herself in. About a week ago she came to me and said she was sure of the nomination if I would vote for her. Would I? I thought it over and said I would, for I admire Mrs. Tufts immensely, she is so lovely and charitable.

"To-day, just before balloting, Edith Raymonds came to me and said I must vote for Mrs. George. Edith said I owed it to her—you know she has just helped me make over my blue foulard, and canned all those peaches for me when cook burned her hand.

"Everybody wanted Mrs. George, Edith said, and if I voted for her she would get the nomination. I thought it over, and said I would vote for her. I admire and respect her very much, she is so witty and forcible when she presides, and she speaks French beautifully, and I thought if everybody wanted her it was only proper that—"

"Do you mean that promised to vote for both?" interrupted Mr. Eliot.

"Yes, I promised Mrs. Tufts, as I promised Edith because—"

"But you didn't actually vote for both?"

"Why, of course I did, Harry. I may not be much of a politician, but I was brought up to keep my word," said Mrs. Eliot, with dignity.

LONG WORDS

Curiosity seekers sometimes expend some of their energy in making a list of the longest words in the English language, but the list usually includes words that are not yet recognised as legitimate. The longest distinctly recognised word the editor believes, is "transubstantiationalist," which has twenty-three letters. It may be found in the Century Dictionary. It is said that the Sanskrit, the ancient language of the Hindus, has one word of one hundred and fifty-two syllables and the Greek one of seventy-seven syllables. The latter was made by Aristophanies for a special purpose.—Chicago News.

THE VERY THING

"Yes, it was a very bad case," said the oculist reminiscently. "Do what I could, the poor fellow still had trouble with his eyes."

"What was the matter?" asked his friend.

"You see, he saw everything double, exclaimed the eye-doctor. "He had to give up his berth at the bank because he couldn't add the figures correctly."

"Oh, how sad! Poor man, what did he do?"

"It wasn't so bad for him in the end," said the great man with a chuckle: "You see, a gas company heard about his case, and offered him good pay to go round and read their meters for them!"

The essentials to success in business are that a man should know himself know the other fellow, and know his own business.—Mr. A. F. Sheldon.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins strengthening the healthy, animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the brains and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine. By the opinion of scientists, the winner approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.